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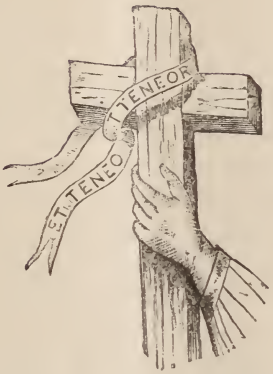
Woman's Work for Woman.



Vol. IV. NOVEMBER, 1874. No. 5.

Abroad.

CHINA.

Miss Happer.

Canton, April 20, 1874.

. . . The work is increasing rapidly. As we get better acquainted in our visiting from house to house, and in the schools, the field of labor grows larger, and it is not alone in the city, but in the country also. For instance, there is a girls' day school in one of the country villages, which I had hoped to have under my care, but now I have to give it up. I have been out to the village once, a short time ago. The school has only been opened some two months, and we feel as if we had had a special call to open it. The teacher we have was formerly the teacher of a girls' day school which was started in this same village about

eight years ago. This was shortly before my father returned to America, but the school was not kept open after he left, and was only visited once by a lady.

We had not thought of opening any more schools in the country, for we all feel that we have as much as we can attend to just now. But one day a woman came to see us, who turned out to be the teacher of that school. She said she had just heard of my father's return to the place, and she came out to the city at once to know if we would not commence a school in that village again, and she would promise to find twenty or more pupils. We felt that it really did seem as if it was a call for us to have a school there. The woman herself, though not as yet baptized, says she felt that it was God's will that she should teach there. Something kept saying to her, "Go out to the city and get the appointment for a school!" and she could not settle down to any other work.

The house was all ready, so we told her to begin at once. I went on a Tuesday, a nice cool, cloudy day. I had not sent word what day I would come, only told the Bible woman to tell them that the next time she came I would come with her. We left home in a boat at half past nine. We had the wind and tide both with us, so putting up the sail we went along very quickly, and in less than an hour were at the landing. There is quite a little walk along the rice fields before we reach the house. When we got there we found the pupils just coming back from their morning meal. They seemed very glad to see us, and in a few minutes the room was packed with men, women and children. I suppose there must have been some seventy persons present. The teacher is a very pleasant woman, and I was very much pleased with the way she acted. She did not scold the men for coming in, though it is not allowed, but she came up and said very quietly to me, "If you don't mind it, we will just let the people come in as much as they like to-day, for it is the first time you have been here, and they are very curious to see you. It would only make them cross to send them away, and then we are all like one family here, every body knows every body." I told her I did not mind, so we let them stay, and they behaved very well.

I found there were twenty studying, thirteen girls and seven women. As soon as the teacher could get the mass of people in some kind of order, she had the pupils come up, one by one, to recite to me. A few of them did not recite, because they were too timid to do so before so many. I know it would have made you smile if you had seen some of the women standing up to recite with their babies tied on their backs. I wish you could have heard the shout of laughter which broke from the whole crowd, when one of the men, while his wife was reciting, stood up on a table so he could see her better. It showed me how pleased they were to have the school there, and thus let their wives and daughters have an opportunity of learning to read.

All this time I had been sitting in the back part of the room. After the pupils were through reciting, the teacher asked me where I would sit to talk to them. Without thinking, I said, "I will just sit where I am." I shall never forget the distressed look that she had as she said, "There are so many people anxious to hear, and how can they all hear if you sit back here?" Then I told her it did not make any difference to me where I sat. So she had a square table moved to the front of the room, and a chair for me, then I went there, and the crowd closed in around me. And thus surrounded, I stood (for I could not sit) for about three quarters of an hour, and told them the story of the cross. While I sang, there was not a sound. The men did not say a word, but listened very attentively. The women had many questions to ask about God, and how to pray to Him. They would say, over and over, how glad they were that I had come to talk to them, and wanted me to tell them on what day I would come again. I had some little books of prayers, and gave them to some who seemed specially interested. They were very glad to get them, and I heard one and another say, "I can't read myself, but my husband can, and I will get him to read them to me;" or, "I will get my son to read them."

About one o'clock I started for the boat, some of the crowd following me part of the way. The teacher came all the way. She got in the boat with me, saying, "Now it is all quiet, we can

have a little talk." So she stayed for some time, and I had quite a nice talk with her. I asked her about applying to be received into the church at our next communion, which will be on the 29th day of May. She said she would ask her husband about it. I forgot to say that he is living, and teaches a boys' school in the village, but it is not under our care, or that of any missionaries. She has one son. I reached home at three o'clock, much pleased with my visit. I know you will join us in praying that this teacher may have grace given her to make an open profession of her Saviour, and that this school may be the means of many being led to Christ.

CHINA.

Mrs. Morrison.

Ningpo, May 22, 1874.

John Newton thought it "worth while to be born and spend ten thousand years in labor and contempt, to recover one soul." Surely, then, the Lord has been good to us, for he has already given us one soul to rejoice over.

Last Sabbath I had the great pleasure of seeing an old woman of seventy years receive baptism, and next Sabbath she will sit down for the first time at the table of the Lord. It was a year and a half ago that she first heard the gospel from Mrs Tsin. From the first, she received the truth in the love of it, and with the simplicity of a little child. She at once became a member of my industrial class, and being too deaf to hear in her seat, she would uniformly rise and stand behind me when I was talking, that she might catch every word.

Then as Mrs. Tsin needed some one to take care of her baby, she (Lao-bo-bo we call her) was called to do it, and for several months she lived in our house. Then Mrs. Tsin taught her to pray, and often at midnight she would hear the poor old woman praying to Jesus. I wish I could impart to you some of the tender feeling with which we regard those who are long under our care. Could you have seen the old woman as I saw her first, I

fear you would have called her an old hag, she was so homely; but let me tell you that while we have watched over her, and week after week have screeched into her deaf ears the truths of the gospel, the coarse, hard features have grown soft to us, and I could not let you, or any one else, call her ugly now, for is she not, with us, now an heir of the grace of God?

Suppose we put her saved soul in one scale, and in the other all that you have spent for me since I became your missionary—all my three and a half years of work in Ningpo, all your prayers and mine, and all the money spent in my classes and day schools—would not the soul scale be incomparably heavier than the other? I think so. I feel that all I have done is unworthy to be compared with her salvation. And how strange it is that she should be the first.

There are two other members of my class who formerly had many years of instruction in the girls' boarding school, and who now recite their half chapter a week in my Sunday Bible class; but though they have been before the session three times, they are not admitted, because their convictions of duty seem not sufficiently clear; and this poor ignorant creature, who would always mix the fourth and seventh commandments, because they both had sevens in them, comes in first. As soon as Lao-bo-bo heard that ancestral worship was wrong, she went at once to Vonghwo, her native place, and gave up her right to the proceeds, and refused ever after to take part in it—a good proof of her sincerity.

One of those just alluded to, Heyiao-bo, the one who last year endured so much abuse from her husband, has, to our sorrow, twice engaged in ancestral worship, because she could not bear to come to an open rupture with her husband. Still we trust she will come out right at last, and take a decided stand. Do not intermit your prayers for her. I fear she has been relying on her own strength rather than on Jesus. Now I have told you all my disappointment about Heyiao-bo, who is so interesting, so much more noble looking than many, will your interest grow cold and your faith wane? I do not believe it will. May you instead be incited to more earnest prayer in behalf of these weak, struggling ones.

But why is it that the churches at home desire such sensational letters from their missionaries? Is this a healthy state of feeling? I think not. For every bright picture that missionaries give, I doubt not that, as a rule, they could give you twenty dark ones; but they are compelled to keep these back, and give only what is agreeable and interesting. Would it not be better to give the truth just as it is? Is it any wonder that some young missionaries come out with greatly exaggerated ideas of what has been accomplished among the heathen, and are ready to turn back ere they have begun to work; or if they have the true metal in them, must gradually give up all their preconceived notions, and come down to the plain, dull truth, that the heathen are *heathen*, and that instead of running with open arms to receive the gospel, they truly hate it? The missionary, amid daily discouragements, can only look to God, and find comfort in feeling that the work is His, and He will not let it come to naught. Why should not the churches at home be educated to this also? Must the missionary have all the faith, and the churches all the syllabub?

I should be glad to feel that the dear ladies who write so kindly to me would like to know the exact truth; and after I have written favorably about a thing, if it turn out unfavorably, I think it but just that you should know it, and help us just there, in your prayers. I cannot tell you how much I value your prayers, and if the Lord has blessed my poor labors even a very little, I feel that more than I can tell is due to your prayers. I can wish nothing better for you than that every lady in your church may be endowed with the spirit of prayer.

We are greatly in need of reinforcements. We ought to have three single ladies for the Ladies' Home, and a married couple to be learning the language, and be ready to take the place of Mr. Leyenberger, or Mr. Butler, in case they should need to go home. My heart aches for the boarding school. Mr. Leyenberger alone has the charge of it. There ought to be a lady in charge, for innumerable reasons. If the ladies were here, although they could not speak the language, they could relieve me from many details, and gradually be working into their right place.

I never knew our mission to be so low as now, and yet the work is brighter than ever. Ningpo is a field that the Lord has blessed, and brighter days are to come. Who will share them with us?

CHINA.

Mrs. L. W. Eckard.

To the Auxiliary at Kittanning, Pa.

Chefoo, April 25, 1874.

. . . Many thanks for your kind, warm offer to take me as the missionary of your society. The friends at home who are thus bringing themselves in such close heart sympathy with the workers in the field, can hardly appreciate what such a tie is to us; how it cheers and strengthens and urges us on to renewed zeal. There is so much to be done! Truly the field is white. Every where I look from my window I can see village after village, thronged with human beings, so very, very few of whom know of our Saviour's great love for them. House to house visitation is the only way of reaching most of them, and I have never been strong enough to do nearly so much of that as I have wished.

My industrial class for women has brought more to me than I have been able to get in any other way, and I hope, through the older women who come to it, to get the truth carried to the daughters and daughters-in-law at home.

My visits with Mrs. Li, my Bible woman, my class, my scholars at home, and my day school in the village nearest to us, with daily calls from women, take up most of my time, you can see. Want of health for the past two years has been the greatest drawback I have known. I love the work, and my life in China has been a very happy one. The Chinese we have gathered around us have become very dear to us, and to all these poor heathen my heart yearns with a sad, tender pity. Who hath made us to differ? I have had the blessings of a Christian land, lovely Christian lives around me as examples and guides, and yet I have fallen so far short of the great Exampler! How, then, could I look on these

poor creatures with aught but the tenderest pity? Will you—*do* you think of them thus, and will you pray earnestly with me that God may hasten the day when all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest?

PERSIA.

Mrs. Stocking.

Salmas, July 1, 1874.

. . . On Monday morning we turned our faces once more toward Persia. We rode and rested, and rode and rested, and so reached Khanike comfortably. We had with us a man and horse rom Khanike—the man to carry a gun, the horse to bring a load. We were coming down this side the gaddik, were nearly out of the narrowest part of the gorge, but still in a very bad place, when there was a great shouting, and our man with the gun rushed down the mountain side, where he had been walking, cut the rope that bound the load, tipped it off in a second, jumped on his horse, and galloped off at full speed. The next moment three armed Koords were upon us. One drew his sword and began beating Mr. Stocking over the back. There was no escape—no resisting. They took what they wanted, all the time demanding money. Mr. S. had given me his purse some time before. He told them he had none. They would not be satisfied; and when a Koord, standing within three feet of Mr. S., pointed his cocked gun at his breast and demanded money, that was too much for me. I pulled out the purse and threw it at him. I saw the thing go without a single sigh, possessions seemed so worthless just then, compared with life.

They took a great many things: Mr. S.'s pistol and field glass, all the shawls, rubber cloaks, some of our clothing, and other things. One man snatched my hat off, and, not finding any gold, tucked the white muslin into his girdle, and left the hat on the ground. As the last Koord made off with his booty up the mountain, he grabbed my whip as a last trophy. My medicines were saved. It took time to pick up the strings and re-arrange the load before we could come on.

Some way down the village we met Daniel. This morning Mr. S. and Dea. Elea have gone off for two hours to the camp of Ali Agha, to report to him. We made out a list of stolen articles as far as we knew—one hundred dollars worth. Daniel and I go on to Oola when Mr. S. meets us, and we go to Janlan.

SYRIA.

Mrs. Eddy.

We left Sidon the 25th of May, at noon. With heavy, sorrowing hearts we bade good-bye to our associates—our native friends. So great was the trial of leaving our work, and those for whom we have labored so long, that we almost repented having turned our faces homeward. The grief manifested by the girls of the school affected us deeply. They wept and sobbed, and entreated us not to go. Some of the older girls refused to be comforted, as they continued to say, "We shall not see you again. We will not be here when you return."

Many of the natives accompanied us out of the city, begging us to remember them in our prayers, and promising to pray that "God would soon bring us back in peace and health." The last farewell said, we went on our way; thoughtful, sad, cast down, but not in despair; hopeful, trusting that in answer to the prayers of those we had left, in God's time we would be restored to them and our loved work.

Yesterday we received a letter from one of the teachers of the Sidon school. One or two facts may be of interest. It was written near the close of the term. She says:

"The marks and prizes were given on Wednesday evening. Hushfy, of Megdel, led off, as usual, taking the prize for conduct, for domestic work and order in the first department. Catharine Mekhiel, of Abeih, took best recitations in the first division, and Howla, of Abeih, for the same in the second division. For writing, first division, Helanne, of Oberas; second division, Khosme, of Daei Nun Nez."

Of one of this year's pupils she writes: "Tany seems anxious

to do good when she goes back to her village. She lately had some money sent her by her parents, the first she has had since she came to school. Soon after, she asked Miss J. to sell her a Bible, saying her father had never seen a Bible, and she wanted him to see and read it for himself. She will take one with her, and we trust that, with the blessing of God, that Bible may be the means of opening the eyes of some spiritually blind ones in that village, that they may see the truth as it is in Jesus. She also asked her teacher if it would be wrong for her to walk over on the Sabbath to another village to attend service. She was told in reply that it was not only *not wrong*, but it was her *duty* to do so when able."

Let us take courage when we see the seed sown taking root, springing up, bearing fruit to the glory of God.

DAY SCHOOL AT SIDON.

Miss Jacombs writes to Mrs. Eddy:

"I examined the day scholars before they left, and found they had done very well. The older girls had got on in their arithmetic as far as compound numbers, read very nicely, and have committed to memory many chapters from the New Testament, hymns, and the greater part of the catechism. The younger ones who are not yet able to learn alone, the teacher has taught, orally, ten or twelve psalms, which they recite in concert most correctly and beautifully. They are also making progress in learning to read."

The number of pupils in attendance upon this school the past year has been from forty to fifty, embracing Mohamedan, Jewish, and Christian girls.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Miss S. M. N. Cummings.

. . . I have had the most satisfactory day, taking it throughout, of the month. I am sometimes at a loss what to call a visit, whether it shall be a house, or a room, or a woman. I have been in only thirteen houses to-day; but in one I was invited into four

rooms, and the same women followed me. I found a pretty little bride of sixteen years who was married on Monday. She wants a book, but it remains to be seen whether she will hold out to learn the alphabet. Another woman in the same house asked me to give her a book and teach her, and has promised to come to the noon school on Sunday if I will go for her.

My experience in getting the women into service was rather amusing. Three promised to come if I would go for them. At the proper time I was found at the door of the first, and she was putting on her "good clothes." So I crossed the alley to look up the second, and she was just eating her breakfast. She would come in half an hour and bring her sister and friend. The first having finished her toilet, we started out and came on. I wished to get my other woman, and she wanted to find her boy and take him along. I found I had better surrender, so we hunted up Ah Chung, and I took them to the chapel, and went back after Ah Ton. She had to be searched for, and some time was consumed in finding her clothes and putting them on. I trust it was not wholly lost as I stood at the head of the stairs while waiting, and talked and sang "of Jesus and His love." My great comfort in these feeble efforts is, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light; it giveth *understanding* to the *simple*." One who is not in the work cannot realize how weak our strongest efforts are.

My visits to Sum Su are the brightest spots in my work. I cannot feel that she is yet a Christian, but I do not know that many Christians can say with more truth that they love to hear the Bible read better than any thing else. She would gladly come to our meetings, but her husband will not allow it.

A friend asked me to-night if I thought the work encouraging. It seems to me that the fact of so little to discourage is encouraging. Fruit does not appear yet, but the all-seeing One knows if it is germinating. He knows, too, how glad I should be to see it; and I think He sees that I can wait, even "till He come," if need be.

INDIA.

Mrs. Graham.

Kolapoor, May 28, 1874.

. . . "Belle Green" has continued faithful, and is now the wife of a Christian at Mr. Barker's station. Mrs. Barker writes me that Poonee (that is her Hindoo name) is a living example of the faith which she professes, that she finds her true and faithful in all things with which she has to do. When they go out among the women, she herself reads, and Poonee talks to them. Before Poonee was married, she was with me a few days; and always before going to sleep she would kneel and pray, (she slept near me in my room where I lay sick). Whenever she had time she would read Christian books. I have not seen a better disposition, nor one more ready in the discharge of her duty among the native Christians than Poonee. She writes to her mother, and goes to see her when in Kolapoor. Her mother seems to be more reconciled to her being a Christian, but she herself still remains a heathen. Poonee has no father, no sister, and but one brother. It is thought that if her mother sees that "the wrath of the goddess" does not fall upon the family on account of Poonee's course, she will some time become a Christian herself. Pray that she may, and that the mother and daughter may work together for their poor heathen sisters.

On the 3d of March, Mr. Wilder and family went to Panalla to spend the hot season; they returned this week. Up to the time of their leaving, I had not engaged directly in mission work, on account of my inability to use the language, and my poor health; but since that time my health has been good, and I have had charge of the girls' school and the women's meetings. I can read and talk a little, so with the assistance of the native teacher, I can now work in the school and among the women. I spend an hour a day with my teacher, three hours in the school-room, and am teaching four women to read at my own house.

I go to the city three times a week to read to companies of women, taking with me the native teacher, or her mother, to talk

to them. I read to the beggar women and children in the home chapel on the Sabbath afternoon before preaching service. I have a prayer meeting with the Christian women in behalf of missionaries and their work. Since I commenced my work it has been my privilege to gather twenty-one women and girls under Christian instruction. Most of these girls are from the places in the city where I have read to the women. I used no extra inducements, only asked them to come to school, telling them what was done there.

About two weeks ago a woman came to me and asked for work, saying she had lately come from Northern India with her husband, and two months since he died. About a year ago a grown-up son had died; now she was homeless, friendless, and without money. I had no work to give her, but, her history was so sad, and her condition such that I could not turn her away. After listening to her story I told her that I had no work for her, but if she was willing to do as I said, I would give her a room, and money to buy her food for the present, and would see what could be done. She seemed to be very thankful, and readily complied with my conditions. By the time she returned with her little bundle of things, I had her room ready, a sacque made, and obtained eight yards of white muslin; sent warm water, soap and towels to my bath room, then sent for her to come and clean up, and put on her new clothes. When she had done this she came to our parlor and said, "Thank you," to Mr. Graham and myself.

She has attended all of our meetings, public and private, and listened well, although she understands very little Marathi as yet. Last Sabbath I asked her if she wished to be a Christian; she said "Yes;" also that she had never heard preaching till she came here. She appears so well, and seems so thankful for every thing done for her, and yet does not overdo the matter, that I have hopes she will in time be a true and useful Christian.

The new mission house was completed last September, and is large and pleasant. We have been living in it since July 1st.

AFRICA.

Mrs. De Heer.

Corisco Island, Elongo Station, April 25, 1874.

. . . Our industrial class is increasing in numbers and interest. We love to feel that you have a share in it; we know you will not forget to pray for it. We are now alone upon the island, and a double share of work falls to our hands, but it is work we love, and of which we can never have too much, if strength be given. Three of the women, members of our class, united with the church at our last communion; a number are inquirers, and members of the catechumen class.

One has been appointed Bible woman, and is laboring for the good of her sex. When we talked to her of undertaking the work, she said she would like nothing better, if she were only fitted for the work; that in God's strength she would begin slowly, and see what she could accomplish. She is one who has suffered for her principles. Formerly a leader in a certain secret society, formed for evil, and always present at devil dances and all fetich makings, she exposed the society and denounced all her medicine-making and charms as worse than useless. Of course she brought upon herself the hatred of her former associates, and they threatened to kill her with fetiches placed in the path she had to cross in coming to our meetings. But she boldly answered: "You know I am not a stranger to your arts and deceits, and I am persuaded you cannot harm me unless God wills it so."

Her father called her and talked to her long and earnestly, and commanded her to beware; but she declared that she must obey God rather than man. The husband, in a rage, sent her away, but though attached to him, nothing moved her. He soon took her back, however, for he knew she would be true and faithful, and he now leaves her in charge of all he has. Her firmness and consistency have gained her the esteem of even the heathen, and where she goes they bid her come again and tell them of these things. She told me last week, with radiant countenance, that two in her town were inquiring, but she said, "I will not

bring them to Paia De Heer until I have watched their conduct, and proved their sincerity." She is a middle aged woman, still, by diligence, has learned to read. I have told you so much of "Ilate," that I may enlist your prayers on her behalf. Of her progress I shall try to keep you informed from time to time.

Depending upon your promptly promised support, we have employed two teachers, and I believe strictly in answer to your prayers, God has given us two choice young women for the work. One of them has a heathen husband, who might have opposed, but God has made him willing to allow her to labor for His cause, and she is very faithful. I will write you more of her at some future time, for her history is a sadly interesting one. Her name is "Handi."

You tarry at home, dear ladies, but the seed is scattered by your hands, and a strange hand, to you, is watering it on this distant shore. But *He* is caring for that seed, and causing it to bring forth abundant increase, that at last he that soweth and he that watereth may rejoice together in the presence of the great Reaper.

JAPAN.

Miss A. M. Gamble.

Yedo, July 15, 1874.

. . . We need to use all the accomplishments of Western civilization, as the Japanese among themselves are a well-educated, shrewd, clever, thinking people—both men and women. This, no doubt, entails a little more labor than in other lands, but it is counterbalanced by their indomitable perseverance and good behavior in school. You know these are the great worries of teaching American children; I would rather take twenty Japanese in hand than five American children.

I am fast turning into a Japanese. I went with some friends to another part of the city on the Fourth and had a Japanese dinner. I ate with chop-sticks, and sat on the floor with my shoes off. As regards food, we can have, I think, everything we have in America. We have beef at fifteen cents per pound, some-

times very good. Mutton is brought from China, flour from California; chickens and fine fish are to be had. We have baker's bread every morning. Butter is brought in tins at sixty-five cents per pound. Foreign vegetables are now cultivated and are very good. Fruits, as a rule, are very poor.

Boarding is much more expensive here than in China. There, among the missionaries, it is $15 per month. All winter I paid $27.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

Miss Seward, a medical missionary in Allahabad, India, says: "I have had so far this year, very nearly a thousand patients. I trust most of these, I think indeed all, with but few exceptions, have heard the story of the Cross. It is cheering to know that some rays of the true light do reach these darkened homes, and may we not hope the day is not very far distant when many of these who now know in a dim uncertain way, may come to a true and saving knowledge of a Saviour's love?"

Mrs. Morrison writes from Ningpo, China, in view of Miss Sellers' coming to her: "It will be a great privilege to have a sister fellow-worker; I thank you all for your unremitting efforts on behalf of Ningpo, but please realize that while there is *only one* lady sent, the work is only half done. *Another lady should be sent as soon as possible.*"

From Miss Nassau, in Africa: "I wish you could see the native women as they gather, thirty and forty at once, in the afternoon meeting for prayer and sewing. From time to time I hope to write to you, but, oh, *pray for us;* pray for dear Miss Jones and myself at Benita, with these crowds of poor, waiting, hoping women and children. I feel weak to-day, and oh, how intensely my heart pleads, pray for us!"

Mrs. Whipple, of Persia, writes to the society supporting her: "This is the day for your quarterly meeting; we were just talking about it, and saying we knew we were remembered by you. It is such a comfort to know this!"

At Home.

AN APPEAL.

THE letter, an extract from which is given below, was written by one of the officers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, during an absence from home this summer, when she met the missionaries referred to in the letter:

"Mr. and Mrs. M'Gilvary are returning to their field with heavy hearts because of their failure to secure the press and types which would enable them to give for the first time, a printed Bible to the Laos. If you will look at Dr. Lowrie's article in the July number of *The Record*, entitled "Are the heathen well provided for?"* you will see a very moderate and unimpassioned statement of the facts. Mr. and Mrs. M'Gilvary feel that the matter is one of vital importance. While they long for more laborers, they even more earnestly long for the Bible, the Word of God, to put into the hands of these people who are hungry for it. I was touched beyond measure when they related how many of their converted, or inquiring, people would borrow the manuscript copy of the Scriptures and laboriously copy the whole, that they might possess it for themselves! Could we do a better work than to give a printed Bible to the Laos? Three thousand dollars would cover the whole expense, press, preparing type, and all. Mrs. M'Gilvary's brother, now at St. Joseph, Michigan, is fully competent to oversee the work. Is it out of our line of work? You should have seen how poor Mrs. M'Gilvary's eyes brightened at the bare suggestion that such a thing *might* be accomplished. And what do you

* . . . One need was a printing press, and of type to be cast from matrices yet to be prepared, to print parts of the Bible which are already translated into the Laos language,—a language in which nothing has yet been printed. "Could the Board appropriate about $2500 to $3000 for this purpose?" Well, could it? With its present outlook as to its receipts, the answer is, No, not yet.

ladies think of this? Could we do a grander or more comprehensive work this year, than to give the Bible to a heathen nation? As I see the Japanese and Chinese here poring over the Bible and drinking in its sacred truths, my thoughts turn to the poor Laos, almost the only heathen nation now existing that has not, in its own tongue, the Word of God. I leave the matter with you."

One of God's stewards, a lady whose hand and heart are ever open to calls from her Master for what she regards as His own more than hers, has given $1000 for the above object. The Bible Society will give $1500, leaving but $500 to be raised, in order to give the Bible to a nation! Any of our readers who would like to have a part, however small, in this most blessed gift, can send their contribution to Mrs. J. D. M'Cord, our Treasurer.

A DAY OF PRAYER.

It is feared that this year will be one of great discouragement to all who are working for Christ's cause in the way of missions. Many think that they will not be able to give their usual yearly offering.

We ask the prayers of God's people to help us in this time of need. Do we pray as we ought for a blessing on our work? is a question which arises in the heart of every woman interested in missions. Sincere prayer we know will be answered, and it has been desired and recommended by the Managers of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, upon the suggestion of one who has just given herself to the mission work, that Tuesday the 10th of November be set apart as a day of prayer. Let all who see these words resolve that the day mentioned, or, at least, a part of it, be devoted to prayer. Meet together, Christian women, and also pray in secret, that the hearts of all may be moved to give freely and generously. Pray not only that the work of our beloved Society may not languish, but that the whole Presbyterian Church may be so stirred by the Spirit of God, to devote their gifts to His service, that our Foreign Board need no more send out the order to re-

trench. Pray that we may see such increase of zeal and activity that our glad testimony may soon be, both individually and collectively,—"I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my prayer." Our joy will be indeed great, if we can see yearly, that we gain not only in the increase of funds, so that our work may be extended, but also in the growth of prayerful interest in many hearts new to such labor of love. Let us all remember Tuesday, the 10th of November, 1874.

"HAS YOUR WOMAN'S WORK COME?"

"I REALLY am not sure. I don't think it has, but it may have got into the waste-basket; I don't always open it."

How, think you, dear reader, did this answer, given in all sincerity and simplicity, strike upon the ear of one of those who have expended much love and labor upon this little magazine for some years past? It is not a new thing, we know, for the product of brains and the outgrowth of an earnest desire to express a thought to others in print, to be thus summarily disposed of. There is not in most civilized, any more than in most uncivilized countries, anything approaching to the Chinese reverence for the printed character, wherever found. Whether this want of reverence is a sign of a higher civilization might be a question; for if there were more of such revering of the character, it might lead to greater care lest anything unworthy should profane its sacredness. But our friend with the waste-basket at least has not a profound respect for print. There was more than this, however, in her words. She is not "a man and a brother," but she is a woman and a Presbyterian, and this little book comes to her prepared with labor, and sent forth with prayer, telling of the efforts of her sisters to open their own richest sources of happiness to other women; and with words warm from the hearts of those who write them, at home and abroad, she is asked to help in this good work, for the dear Lord's sake, whom she loves and whose she is. But the modest little book is not deemed worthy "always," even to be opened, and its voice cannot be heard from the bottom of the

waste-basket. The words that were meant to tell her again the "old, old story" of the power of the Cross to transform into beauty the souls of those who look upon it in faith, be they never so marred and deformed by sin, fail of their purposes so far as she is concerned. Her soul is not stirred within her by the tale of the wonderful blessing which woman's prayers and efforts have called down from above upon themselves in laboring and upon those for whom they work. No such rousing influence comes from the depths of that basket, whose contents will soon light the kitchen fire.

Happily those who send forth this little visitor into the homes, and, they fondly hope, into the *hearts* of their fellow-workers, do not always know of the fate of their child—therefore they are not always sufferers thereby. But is the one who thus receives and treats their messenger, acting quite fairly, to invite its coming and then give it no hearing or attention? It is not so much the subscription price that is wanted by those who send it (stern as is the necessity that demands that), as it is the careful, thoughtful, prayerful *reading*, which shall result in more active love for the cause which it represents, and for the Redeemer to whose service it is consecrated. Will you give it such attention in future, dear reader?

REQUEST.

If any of our readers wish to use articles appearing in *Woman's Work* for other periodicals, we shall be happy to have them so used, on one condition, viz., that they be printed *as they stand*, and credit given for them to this magazine. The recent use of one of our articles with alterations made to suit another purpose, and no credit given for any part of it, suggests this request.

A NEW NAME.

It may not be known to all our readers that the material for *Woman's Work*, whether in prose or poetry, is *strictly original*, no selected matter being admitted to its columns. We take pleasure at this time in being allowed to add to our list of contributors the name of one of England's sweetest poets, and truest Christian women—Frances Ridley Havergal.

ENOUGH.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I AM so weak, dear Lord! I cannot stand
One moment without Thee.
But oh, the tenderness of Thine enfolding,
And oh, the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And oh, the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! But well I know
All fullness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never failing treasure
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure
My least, my greatest need. And so
Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone;
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries entwining;
Thy promise-roll is all my own,—
Thy word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love. But now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real and full and marvellous affection,
So near, so human! Yet Divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me.

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea,—
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect peace is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

WHAT WE ARE DOING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY MRS. CONDIT.

WE are greatly encouraged to see the friendly, growing interest in the mission work in California. We have had a grand impetus given to our work, by the visit of Dr. Ellinwood. His heart was

encouraged by what he saw, and out of the fullness of his gratification, he spoke to us words of sympathy and cheer. The evening services, under the auspices of the "California Branch," was held in Mr. Hemphill's church (Calvary), and was a most happy occasion. The mission, the pastorate, and the theological seminary, were represented in the pulpit. Dr. Allen, of your own city, was present and in a few earnest, heartfelt words, gave his witness that *Christian women*, not angels, had done a work for missions, which but for them, had been left undone. He gave facts to show that it had been *well done*. Dr. Ellinwood's carefully woven net-work of facts, from experience and observation, did much to stir the hearts of our really earnest Christian people, and through the whisperings of reproach for neglected duty, in many hearts, we believe there was also heard the added prayer:

"All things are busy,
Only I, neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To make these;
I am no link in Thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed,
Lord place me in Thy consort; give one stem
To my poor reed."

The day before this public meeting, a score and more of our ladies, with a "slight sprinkling" of ministers, enjoyed a pleasant lunch at the residence of Mrs. Barstow, our most excellent President. In this little social gathering we were drawn so near together, that we realized one of the first and best fruits of our woman's work, viz., *sympathy in that work*. It was the little love feast preparatory to the great day, which was the Sabbath.

On Monday, we had a parlor meeting in the First Church (Dr. Patterson's), at which Dr. Ellinwood gave a "little talk;" after this meeting, our Society held a special meeting to receive the report of the Committee on the Home. A house was reported suitable for a Home and coming within the range of our finances. Upon hearing the report, a motion was entertained to secure this house, and *without one dissenting voice, the house was ours*. Oh,

it was a happy hour for those who have so labored and prayed for it! "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." To Him be all the glory!

On the following day, the Ellinwoods, Misses Grimstead and Cort, and Dr. Cheek, left us amid our tearful adieus, and with many prayers for their safe and prosperous journey. Then came our regular Society meeting, where we had the cheering presence of Mrs. Allen. She brought loving messages of greeting from our dear mother Society in Philadelphia, to us, the youngest branch of her mission family. The hours sped on, in friendly counsel, serious deliberation and pleasant repartee, until we found that more than the usual time had been consumed. Mrs. Allen led us in a parting prayer, and we separated, but not without feeling strengthened by our prayers and counsels, for better service for the Master.

That same week, Miss Cummings held her monthly meeting for the Chinese women. A large number of our own ladies came with words of interest and sympathy, to bid this good work God speed. After the social entertainment, we went into the chapel and heard Tan Ching tell these poor heathen women how much better it was to serve the true God, than the idols which their own hands had fashioned. Our eyes would grow misty, and our hearts would go pit-a-pat, for very joy that we were permitted to share in this work of love. Sixteen heathen women listening to the words of life! This would seem to be enough of good meetings to report for one letter, but there is *one more* precious hour which I will mention and then lay down my pen.

The China missionaries, the Shaws, the Eckards, Mrs. Crossette, Miss Sellers and Mr. Lehman, have just left us. On Tuesday, we had a farewell meeting for them. Ladies, representing nearly all our churches were present, and found it good to be there. It was one of those meetings where we all felt like singing Faweett's grand old hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds, Our hearts in Christian love." Mr. Shaw read an interesting letter relating to the conversion of an African boy; Mrs. Crossette sang, "Jesus loves me," in Mandarin; Miss Sellers, in earnest words, which we

cannot soon forget, told us of her consecration to the foreign mission work; Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Lehman gave pleasant little experiences, and Dr. Patterson seasoned all with a rich, full prayer for blessings upon the dear friends about to leave us. All this may not seem just like *missionary work*, but all these meetings have helped us in our work. Heart has spoken to heart; hand has clasped hand with stronger resolves to do God's will. What we most need now is, more earnest prayer. Pray for us that in opening up this grand missionary field on the Pacific coast, we may do the work well, laying broad foundations, awakening *true* zeal, and spreading out deeper roots for the growth of our beloved Mission Branch. Bid God bless us, and we shall indeed be blessed.

THE NEW POSTAL LAW, AND WOMAN'S WORK.

Our readers are aware that from the first of January, 1875, all mail matter is to be prepaid. In the case of our magazine, this law shifts the burden of paying postage from the shoulders of our subscribers to our own, and in order to be able to sustain it, we have decided to add ten cents to the regular subscription price. This is less than the postage paid at present, and our subscribers will find it more convenient to remit the sum with their fifty cents to us, than to pay it separately at their own post office. The subscription price of *Woman's Work* will consequently be *sixty cents* hereafter, instead of fifty, and the postage paid. We shall send only *one* number after the subscription has expired, hoping that renewals will be made by that time.

The magazine is free to all the lady missionaries of the Board of Foreign Missions, and is sent by mail to those in this country, also to those abroad under the care of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the Woman's Board of Missions of the Northwest.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT MONEY.

We understand that there has been some misapprehension in regard to a notice about sending money, in the July number of our magazine, though we can hardly see why there should be. But in

order to make the matter more plain, if possible, we say now, that where the annual contribution is $20 *or less*, let it be sent all at one time, *once a year*. Larger sums may be sent *quarterly*, or *semi-annually*, at the discretion of the senders. It is best for the treasurer of each auxiliary to have a regular time for making her remittances. In the mean time let the collections in the auxiliaries be made monthly or quarterly as usual.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has just issued a neat little book bearing this title, for use in missionary meetings of all kinds and among all denominations. It contains over eighty of the choicest hymns in the language, suitable for such occasions. The old favorites have a place in it, with some new ones which are not to be found in any other collection. It will be a valuable aid in the meetings of our auxiliaries, and we hope that all will adopt it. The price is *ten cents*. Address, Miss J. C. Thompson, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

AUXILIARIES.

West Union, West Va.
Homer City, Pa.
Newark, Ohio.
First Church, Clarion, Pa.
Third Church, Chester, Pa.
Blairsville, Pa.
Middle Spring, Pa.
Marion, Ohio.
Corsica, Pa.
Strattonville, Pa.

BANDS.

Agnes Aitkin Band, Sparta Second Church, Dansville, N. Y.
Labarree Band, Delhi, Ohio.
Myra Rodes Band, Danville, Ky.
Yedo Band, Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Cord Humphrey,
Miss Isabella Force,
Miss Alice Condit,
Miss Jennie Agnew,
Mrs. Hester Ann Masser,
Mrs. Elizabeth W. Burgess,
Mrs. H. M. Coburn,
Mrs. Eliza F. Safford,
Mrs. Sarah Baldwin.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from August 1, 1874.

SPECIFIC APPROPRIATIONS.

Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Charles E. Walters, sup. Bible Reader, China, . . . $44 00
Boonton (N. J.) Ch., "Little Mission Band," for Woodstock, ... 5 00
Bustleton, N. J.. Providence Band, for Bibles and Tracts for Sidon School, . . 5 00
Cedar Grove (Pa.) S. S., Mrs. Griffin's Cedar Band, for Woodstock, . . . 5 00
Cincinnati, Ohio, 3d Ch., Miss Mary R. Harkins's S. S. class, sup. pupil, Mrs. Calderwood's school, . . 10 00
Cleveland (Ohio) Presbyl. W. F. M. S.; Cleveland Memorial Ch., Aux. Soc., sup. native teacher under Mrs. Wyckaff, $40; 2d Ch. S. S. Miss. Assoc., sup. native teacher under Miss Dascomb, $50; Woodland Av. Ch., do., $50, . . . 140 00
Coatesville (Pa.) Ch. Aux. Soc., for school at Alma, . 50 00
Columbia (Pa.) Ch. Aux. Soc., outfit Miss Scott, . . 50 00
Cross Creek Village (Pa.), Mrs. Lizzie M Campbell and Annie E. Miller, for school at Oroomiah, . . 23 00
Danville (Ky.), 2d Ch., Myra Rodes Memorial Band, for zenana work, India, . . 20 00
Ellicott City (Md.) Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Nevius, . 30 00
Germantown (Pa.), 1st Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Miss Gamble, ... 150 00
Glenville, Md, Mrs. E. M. S., for Woodstock, . . 5 00
Greencastle (Pa.) Ch., by Mrs. E. Brown, for Mexico, 12 00
Groveland, N. Y., Aux. Soc, for May-le-le, Mrs. Capp's Sch., Tungchow, . . 44 10
Horseheads, N. Y., Miss Georgiana Banks, for Woodstock, . . . 10 00
Indianapolis (Ind.), 3d Ch., Happy Hearts Band, $30 for ed. of Annie, Miss Walsh's school, Allahabad; $20, for use of school, . $50 00
Leetonia (Ohio) Ch. Mission Circle, towards Mrs. Weaver's passage money, . . 10 00
Marietta (Ohio), 4th St. Ch. Aux. Soc., for John Williamson of the Dakota Mission, ... 25 00
Milroy, Pa., Mrs. John Swartzall, for Woodstock, . 50
Morristown (N. J.), 1st Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Miss Seward, ... 482 00
New Albany, Ind., Mrs. Mary A. Lapsley, for printing Laos Bible, . . 1,000 00
Orange (N. J.), 2d Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Capp, . 109 50
Oxford (Ohio), 1st Ch., Florence Howard Band, in part to educate Florence Howard, Dehra Sch. $25, S. S. bal. for do, $35 . . . 60 00
Paterson (N. J.), 1st Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Dodd, 200 00
Perth Amboy (N. J.) Ch. Aux. Soc, for Mr. De Gama's work, Brazil, . 30 00
Philadelphia, Arch St. Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Miss Walsh, *gold*, . . . 100 00
Philadelphia, North Ch. S. S. No. 2, for Sarah Domingo, Dehra School, $15, for Esther Baboona, Oroomiah, $7.50 . . . . . 22 50
Woodland Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Miss Nassan, . . 25 00
Phillipsburg (N. J.) Ch. Aux. Soc., for zenana Bible readers, ... 125 00
Pittsburgh (Pa.), 6th Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. pupil, Mynpurie, 30 00
Pittston (Pa.) Ch. Park Mission Band, sup. 2 pupils, Gaboon, ... 46 89
Pottstown (Pa.) Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. pupil, Mynpurie, 45 00
Saltsburg (Pa.) Inf. School, Little Sunbeams Band, for Woodstock, . . . 20 00

Slate Ridge (Pa.) Ch. Aux. Soc., for Brazil,	$19 10
Titusville (N. J.) Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Miss Kuhl,	10 20
Towanda (Pa.) Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. De Heer,	150 00
Troy (Pa.), Ch. S. S. for Scholarship, Beirût,	110 00
Washington (Pa.), 1st Ch. Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Easton,	60 00
"Cornes Band" scholarships, Mynpurie,	25 00
Watertown (N. Y.), 1st Ch., Young Misses Missionary Band, scholarship, Mrs. Farnham's Sch., Shanghai,	30 00
Waynesburg (Ohio) Aux. Soc., sup. "Mary and Emmeline," Mynpurie,	$32 75
Waynesburg (Pa.) Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Wherry,	20 00
Windsor (N. Y.) Aux. Soc., for school at Furrukhabad,	10 00
Zanesville (Ohio) Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Crossette.	109 00
"W.," sup. Belinda, zenana teacher under Mrs. Wherry,	13 80
	$3,574 34

CONTRIBUTIONS TO GENERAL FUND.

Bacon Spring Sante Fe, New Mex., Mrs. M. M. D. Crain,	$4 00
Burlington, N. J., Miss Hannah Taylor and friends,	25 00
Cincinnati, Ohio, 3d Ch. Aux. Soc,	25 00
Cleveland (Ohio), Presbyl. W. F. M. S., 1st ch. Cleveland, $24.35; North Ch. and Band of Youthful Helpers, $16.85,	41 20
Clifton Springs, N. Y., Miss Mary Clark,	2 50
Emmettsburg (Md.) Ch. Aux. Soc., addl.,	5 00
Flemington, N. J., "A. C.," thank offering,	5 00
Freehold, N. J., friends per Mrs. Maria M. Parker,	16 00
Frenchtown, N. J., Lingwood Ch., $17.36; Sabbath Sch., $6.37,	23 73
Hudson (Ohio) Aux. Soc,	8 55
Morristown, N. Y., Dorcas Sewing Soc.,	12 00
Mount Holly, N. J., Miss Jane Ten Eyck,	$25 00
New Lisbon (Ohio) Ch. Aux. Soc.,	70 00
Newburgh (Ohio) Aux. Soc.,	11 09
Nineveh (N. Y.) Ch. Aux. Soc.,	41 00
Oxford, Ohio, Soc. of Inquiry, Female College,	50 00
Phila., N. 10th St. Ch. Aux. Soc, $61.00; Woodland Ch. Aux. Soc., $54.00,	115 00
Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Miss E. A. Cranier,	10 00
Shickshinney (Pa.) Ch. Aux. Soc.,	4 20
St. Peter, Minn., Mrs. Jane A. Treadwell,	4 00
Warren, Pa, Mrs. F. Henry,	7 00
Interest on $1000, Mrs. Charlotte Draper Fund,	32 85
	$538 12

Total, $4,112 46.

MRS. J. D. MCCORD, *Treasurer*,

PHILADELPHIA, October 1, 1874. 1334 Chestnut Street.

Our Little Workers.

THE BOY WHO CUTS GRASS.

HERE we have a boy who is a native of India. He has been cutting grass for the horse of one of our missionaries, and is going to give the horse his dinner. Those natives have their own ideas about doing work. Instead of doing anything they can find to do, they will do only the one thing they have learned to do. If a

man takes care of a horse, he will not often cut the grass for it, and the one who cuts the grass will not take care of the horse. So the person who has his horse taken care of pays each man a small sum for his work, instead of giving full wages to one man.

So it is in the house. If a servant sweeps, he will do nothing else; if he wash or iron, or cook, you cannot expect him to attempt any other duty. For this reason a family often has to employ half a dozen servants to do what we would think the work of one, and all together do not earn more than one who would work all day.

A TRIP ON THE "FOH-YUNG ZAE."

By Mrs. Fitch.

On the "Gospel Boat," May 1, 1874,
Hoochow, China.

We are just leaving this large city, on the southern edge of the Great Lake, and, despite the rowing of the boat, I write here as comfortably as I could at home. Eleven days ago we left Shanghai, for a little trip into the interior, and now are just turning homeward. This boat (a foreign house boat) has been dedicated to the blessed work of hastening on the feet of Him "who bringeth good tidings;" and in Chinese characters on each side is its name—

"FOH-YUNG ZAE,"

"Glad Tidings Boat." As Mr. Fitch has had charge of the colporteur work about Shanghai for some time, this boat, which was formerly used by a foreign colporteur, has fallen into his hands. It is about forty-five feet long, and nine feet wide. In the rear, about fifteen feet belong to the boatmen. There they row, cook, eat and sleep. The next three feet is a pantry and kitchen, where we have a wee little cooking stove, shelves for dishes, etc. The next twelve feet compose the "cabin." There are lounges on one side and part of the other, so that three people can sleep

here quite comfortably. A few chairs, a little table, and some shelves for books, are the rest of the furniture. Under the lounges are also large places to store the books. In front of this cabin is a little store room for fuel, etc., and a little room for a servant, teacher or native assistant to sleep. While the rest of the boat I call the *deck*, and enjoy sitting there often very much, when I do not get in the way of the men who have sometimes to be there to pole. About half of the working time of the year Mr. Fitch is out on these itinerating trips, and I often accompany him, so we are very glad of so comfortable a home when out in this way.

Here I was not able to go on shore, as a foreign lady is so great a curiosity that the whole city would be gathered together wherever she might make her appearance. Mr. Fitch, however, met with very kind treatment, and disposed of many books, Gospels, tracts, etc. With very few exceptions, he sells (at a very low price, however), instead of giving away, as experience shows that they care very little for books for which they do not pay.

The other day we were among the islands of the Great Lake. We often visit the people there, and after a year or two, I think, they will feel somewhat acquainted with us. The lake is about fifty-five miles long and forty miles wide, and islands are thickly scattered over it in the east part. The scenery in many places is grand, and just now, while the mulberry trees are so beautiful, the country is prettier than ever. Indeed, I feel sure that many of the Saratoga goers at home would be charmed with the islands.

BABY ROBBIE.

At one of the large islands we took Baby Robbie on shore in his little carriage. How the whole village gathered together in a few moments, and how they thronged about us! Every face looked smilingly on us. The love of the Chinese for children is certainly beautiful, and I have heard one of the missionaries here say that he would not fear to go any where in China if he had a little child with him. A dear missionary sister said to me, "Baby is a great help to me in my work." Of course a crowd followed

us wherever we went, chiefly boys; but many of the boys at home might take lessons in politeness of the boys there, I think, for there was no rudeness or pushing.

After taking baby on board the boat, Mr. Fitch and I went out again to talk to the people. I feared at first that no one of the women would invite me into her house, as they seemed a little shy, and Mr. Fitch said, "If I am going to talk, I would rather not have you with me;" for they would look at me so that he could not keep their attention. After going about among the crowd a little, we started to go on up the hill, and then a woman came and said to me, "Go home with me and drink tea." She led me along in quite a triumphant way, and as soon as I was seated, her guest room was full, and the door way all full. Mr. Fitch insisted on not going in with me, and they whispered among themselves, "Why, he understands polite manners after all." Of course he had a much larger company to talk to outside than I had. After answering a great many questions, and letting them examine my clothes, etc., I told them that their friends in America, knowing of the one true God, and His way of salvation, sent us to tell them of Him. I told them this was not the foreign God, but the Chinese God, all men's God; and soon after I said, "He made every thing, all of us, and that we were all alike." One of the women sitting in front of me laid her hand by mine, and said, "Look! are *we* alike? Your hand is white as snow!" I said, "Oh, yes, different nations have different customs; the dress, language, color, etc., of the people are different, but we all have eyes, ears, mouths, noses, bodies, and are very similar. Your Buddha, who has eyes and ears, hands and feet, cannot use them, but our God, who made us so wonderful, is far more wonderful and powerful Himself."

ASKING QUESTIONS.

They often repeated what I said, and would add, "That is so," or "No mistake." Of course, they often interrupt me, and ask such questions as, "Can you eat with chop-sticks?" "Do you

drink milk to make you white?" "How many garments do you wear?" etc., etc. But I generally answer them, and then, after a little, begin again. One woman in Shanghai, the other day, who seemed to be listening very attentively to the truth, asked me in the midst of an important sentence, "How much do you give your woman a month?" but I stopped to answer, and then in a little while went on with the same thing again. Here one woman said to me, "I fear you will be angry at our questions;" but I said, "A Chinese woman would be a great curiosity at my home in America, and the people there would be apt to question her pretty freely too," so that seemed to relieve her.

A BOX OPENED.

By Miss Walsh, of Allahabad, India.

. . . The things in the box all came very nicely, except a book, and one of the mats. The paper parcel of candy had melted and run into these things; but the pictures came nicely, and all the little work boxes. The mats can easily be washed, and so really no harm was done. The children were delighted with the things, and seem pleased with all they got. The candy was something quite new to them, and they thought it very wonderful that such good things were made. They immediately offered me a share, and said I must lose a great many nice things by coming out here. Abádé asked why the ladies were so kind, and what they had done for you. I told them how much you did in America for the poor children, and how unselfish the little girls and boys were there in giving up their pennies for the heathen children out here, and for them, to educate and support them. Then they wished me to thank you for all your kindness, and give you their best *saláms*. Sadui was much pleased with her box, and talks of little Lottie "*ba-ba*," and would like to see her.

JAPANESE BOYS.

PERHAPS some of you have seen Japanese boys, for there are a few of them in this country. If so, you have noticed their dark-brown complexion, their black hair, and bright black eyes; but they have probably been dressed like our boys here. Suppose we take a peep into their own country and see them there. The little fellow of what is called the "privileged class," or the highest class, has a sword-belt put on him when he is only three years old. When he is seven years old, he wears two little swords. His hair is kept shaved off so that his head is entirely bare, until he is about four years old; then three locks are allowed to grow, one at the back of his head, and one at each side. This is considered quite an important occasion in the young man's life.

In another year, he wears loose trowsers, like the larger boys, and has a "dress of ceremony" given him. On this suit are embroidered storks and tortoises, fir-trees, and bamboos. Can any of the boys among our little workers tell why these pictures are placed on the first suit of the young Jap? Let me tell you. The storks and tortoises represent a long life—they both live a great many years. In this way the friends wish a long life to the boy. Fir-trees are evergreen, and are emblems of a heart that is good and never changes; so they hope his heart will be. The bamboo is a very tall, straight tree, and is an emblem of the upright mind which they would have the boy possess.

But when this boy has lived to be fifteen years old, he is considered a man. Then he can wear swords of ordinary size, and dress like his father and other men. At this time there is great rejoicing in the family, for it is considered an event of very great importance.

These Japanese boys are said to be very bright little fellows, and if they and the little girls there can be taught to love Jesus, how much they will do for other Japanese! Our missionaries find them very interesting pupils, and are teaching a number of them; but there are many, many more who have not heard of Jesus. What can you do for them?

W. P. B. M.

Northwestern Department,

EDITED BY

THE SECRETARIES OF THE WOMAN'S PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE NORTHWEST.

BRAZIL.

EXTRACT from a letter from Miss Mary P. Dascomb, Rio Claro, August 16, 1874:

. . . At Rio Claro there is a small church organized, a somewhat larger though very variable congregation, and a flourishing school which six months ago numbered 180, when the small-pox frightened away all but 40 and we closed the school. It is only lately that we re-commenced with 50, which in this second week has passed 70. In Brotas, a Portuguese pastor, not yet their own until they support him, ministers to a very scattered membership and intends soon to open a boarding-school. The teachers in these schools where there is no pastor, generally read the Bible and perhaps some sermon on Sunday, and teach their neighbors what they know of God's will. The expense is twenty dollars a month, more or less. Other places greatly need these simple schools for teaching the Bible. Are there not Sunday-schools connected with your great Society that can come to the rescue? To such I can tell many stories to prove that Brazil, so rich in natural gifts, is full of the most astonishing ignorance, the most superstitious customs and the most godless indifference.

MUNNY.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. S. J. RHEA FROM "RAYS OF LIGHT," PUBLISHED IN OROOMIAH, PERSIA.

DIED, March 4th, 1874, Munny, wife of Priest Karim, of Saatloo. She was one of the earlier pupils of the Oroomiah Fe-

male Seminary under Miss Fiske and Miss Rice. There she ranked among the highest for faithfulness in keeping the rules appointed by the teachers. As we remember, she found hope in Christ in 1849. The writer then analyzes her character under four heads. 1st. She was polite to every one and modest, conducting herself with Christian dignity, doing everything with quiet system. Her orderliness and skill were remarkable, she kept herself and her family clean and neat (I trust the simplicity of this record will not detract from its interest).

2d. She was patient and full of faith. With passing years she has been greatly chastened by the death of her children. She has had many trials and difficulties, especially during the two years of her husband's absence, preaching as an evangelist in Botan; having the care of the house and the children, and being timid and anxious, alone, far away from her parents, worrying over the spiritual desolations of her village; yet overcoming her fears and restraining complaints, enduring for Christ and believing that the angels encamped round about her (think of a timid woman so making herself strong).

3d. She would never neglect family worship, morning and evening. Her children were taught lessons and verses from the Holy Scriptures for the Sabbath-school. Her sons understand and read five languages (I remember her oldest boy, a sort of prodigy in the schools). How great was her joy to hear of the advance of the Lord's work through her husband's labors in Botan; she said all her troubles were forgotten in that.

4th. She was zealous and diligent, winning souls for Christ. When she first came to the field of her labor, she began teaching school. She neither tired of it nor was ashamed (for a woman to read was considered a disgrace). She trained up a number of girls to be readers (overcoming prejudices), and taught the women verbally the Scriptures. Every Sabbath and every Friday she held meetings for prayer. The Lord blessed her labors, and we hope she has won many gems to shine in her crown. She lived as a pilgrim and stranger on the earth, looking for a city which hath foundations. *She was not a lover of jewelry and outward*

ornaments, but looked well to the hidden life of the heart. (Miss Rice's favorite verse for her girls was, "The King's daughter is all glorious *within*.") She often spoke of death, saying to her husband, "Fret not, we shall soon go hence." Death came suddenly. She appeared in perfect health till a violent attack of typhoid fever; even in that she was patient and uncomplaining, and without anxiety, except for her little children. On Tuesday morning, an hour after sunrise, in peace and quietness, she yielded up her soul, winging her way towards rest. She leaves behind five motherless children and a distressed husband. From all sides comes the lament, "What a pity, what a pity!" but she has chosen the good part that shall never be taken away from her.

Oroomiah, Persia, June, 1874.

Comment is unnecessary. A more eloquent and convincing lecture could not be written on foreign missions than the above. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and such are the legitimate fruits of teaching *pure Bible truths* to heathen women. Who would not have part in such a work?

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

Miss Downing.

(Concluded from page 194.)

When the spirit returns, it leaves its footprints on the ashes strown for that purpose. By these footprints the friends know whether it has entered some animal, or is yet disembodied, and whether in chains or free. If there are no footprints, but less water in the vessel than was left by the family, they know the spirit has paid its visit to the house.

When the coffin is taken from the house the pillow used by the dead is put upon the top of the house, so that if the spirit has hidden within, it may see the coffin departing and follow it. The kang is also swept, and a general cleaning up of the room is made, to make sure of the exit of this spirit (the second, or one that

watches the body). The coffin is placed in a large hearse or covered chair, preceded by men carrying banners and umbrellas, then the sons and near relatives, then the coffin, which is followed by friends and a promiscuous crowd. Strips of paper, gilt and red, are pasted on each side of the coffin, and left floating, to wave off all evil influences, such as spirits who might injure the coffin or make it difficult to be borne. For the same purpose, guns are fired, and rockets and firecrackers; paper money is thrown to the winds, as an offering to the bad spirits. A large space around the open grave is covered with tents, gaudily decorated, furnished with tables, chairs, &c. Besides the real furniture are sham lions and horses, sheep and hogs, and such things.

One of the tents is occupied by the musicians, who add their noise to that of the guns and firecrackers, and the wailing of the mourners. This music and the fancy decorations, gives the scene a festal appearance, which attracts a large crowd of spectators. The coffin is lowered into the grave, the mound raised above it, and then the houses and furniture, servants, horses and money, all made of paper, are piled together and set on fire. Food is offered—not burned—but taken home and eaten by the family. All these ceremonies ended, the mourners, dressed in long, coarse, white garments, with ropes tied around their waists, kneel at the head of the grave and prostrate themselves again and again, crying aloud. This over, they return to their homes. Time would fail to tell of all the visits to the grave, the offerings, the worshipping and the crying at stated times, which are continued from generation to generation, as long as any of the family name remain to perpetuate this ancestral worship. All these ceremonies, and many others, with variations according to the locality, attend the death and burial of a father or mother in this dark land. Coffins are usually kept in the house awaiting the death of the heads of the family. The Chinese believe they have three souls. The soul whose progress we have followed, as it went on from one god to another, amongst the thrones of the princes of darkness, till its fate was determined and transmigration ended its wanderings, is number one. The second watches over the body. The third has no settled place,

but wherever worship is offered to the dead it is there, be it at home or at the grave.

Yesterday I witnessed a funeral of another sort. A Chinese mother was quietly laid in the grave to await the resurrection morn. No guns were fired, no offerings made of sham houses, or servants, or money. No need of these, for she had entered into a King's house, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She had become "joint heir" with that King's Son, to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." No need of musicians at her grave, for angels sang the glad song of welcome to her eternal home. No need of loud wailing and crying at her grave; tears were shed by the mourners who were there in their coarse white garments, for they loved the one who was being put away out of their sight. They did not prostrate themselves and worship the dead, but while they sang, "Heaven is my home," worshipped and praised Him who can make the dead to live forevermore. They believed the soul of the departed was in heaven, all sorrow and suffering over—evermore peaceful and happy. She needed no paltry pearls on her head and feet, to give light to her path in the spirit world. The "Word" hid in her heart, and the "pearl of great price" which she had found, illuminated the "dark valley" through which she had passed and gave her an "abundant entrance" into a world of light. She needed no offerings of food to strengthen her and give her courage for the judgment, for she had eaten of the "bread of life," and feared not to enter into the presence of her Judge, for by this act of faith, her Judge had become her loving Redeemer. She needed not the firing of guns and rockets to frighten off evil spirits, no offerings made to propitiate them, for Jesus had overcome all evil for her. The prayers offered at her funeral were for the living, not for the dead.

Both these funerals were in the same place, both were Chinese women. What made the difference? One died a heathen and received a heathen burial. To the other the gospel had been brought. She heard and believed the glad tidings, and Jesus, the all-glorious, chose this simple-minded woman to glorify

Him on earth, and now He has clothed her with His own glory in His Father's house. At home, faithfully discharging every duty, at the Sabbath services and weekly prayer-meetings, constant and devout. With gossiping neighbors, never speaking ill of another, proving herself "a disciple indeed in whom was no guile." On the sick bed languishing for many weary months, waiting and suffering patiently till Jesus came to release her. Is it strange that her pastor chose for his text, "Ye are witnesses and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably, we behaved ourselves among you that believe," and applied these words to her? Is it strange that he said, "if she were the only fruit of his labor here, it was worth working for?" Her pastor's faithful wife—Mrs. Corbett—from whom she had received much instruction, was already in Heaven to welcome this star in their many gemmed crowns of rejoicing, which they will cast at their Master's feet, praising Him for permitting them to labor for Him, in this heathen land.

As if to strengthen this suffering disciple to bear the weary days and nights she must yet pass on earth, she was permitted to dream, or see a vision. Mrs. Corbett, who had set her an example of patience, through a long weary illness, appeared to her. She was clothed in the shining robes of light, and the glory of Heaven was in her countenance; waving her hand to her, she said, "Wait a little longer and Jesus will let you come here too." She had no intellectual doubts as to the reality of this vision, nor of the propriety of taking messages from the little children to their loved mamma. Heaven was as real to her as are the things of everyday life to us. For a good many days before her death, she could take no nourishment. A friend standing by her side asked, "Is there nothing I can get for you?" Her reply was, "I want to eat manna; I want to eat manna." When she heard her husband say, "She cannot even drink water." She said, "I want to drink the living water; I want to drink the living water." Once she expressed a wish for some ice. Soon after there was a hail storm. Her husband gathered some hail stones for her, which she enjoyed—particularly because she felt that "the Heavenly

Father had sent them from heaven for her." When her pastor asked her if Jesus was precious to her, she replied, "I am every moment thinking of my Saviour, and waiting for Him to come for me."

She asked to be "buried near the chapel," within hearing of the bell, and where the Christians could see her grave. This wish was granted her. She had but one care. Her mother heart, all the more tender that it was a Christian heart, was anxious for her only daughter. She said, twice repeating my name, "My daughter, my daughter!" When asked if she could not trust her with Jesus, she said, "I know she is not bright," and again repeated, "My daughter, my daughter!" with such a tone of anxiety that I asked if she wished me to promise to take charge of her She said, "Yes," and I gave the promise. After that nothing troubled her. In a few days, she peacefully "fell asleep in Jesus," to find in the spirit world, not constables with fetters and chains to seize her, but her beloved friend, Mrs. Corbett, and her own father, waiting to welcome her home. Her father in his old age was rescued from heathenism, and died the death of the righteous. Visiting his daughter after her conversion, he heard in her house the gospel message of salvation, and "there was joy" not only "in heaven" when that aged idolater repented, but also in his daughter's house, when his grandson was sent running to the pastor's house to tell the good news, "Grandfather is praying!"

The power and value of religion was manifest to the heathen neighbors, not only in the patient suffering of the sick woman, but also in the untiring tender care given her by the whole family. Before his conversion, her husband used now and then to beat his wife, as is the custom of most Chinese husbands, but through all these days and nights of weary watching and care, no one has known of a moment of neglect, or an impatient word; when her pain became severe he would say, "there is nothing else I can do for you but pray."

The Little Workers of the Northwest.

"YOUNG WORKING BAND," MARION, IOWA.

EXTRACT from Mrs. De Heer's letter:

. . . I must introduce you to the little girl of whom I am sure you often think, because you work for her benefit; Ngâpimba is about four feet four inches in height, a good dispositioned little girl with a very pleasant face; she possesses also a good degree of intelligence, and best of all she wants to become a Christian, so that, though you may never see her in this world, you may hope, by the grace of God, to meet her in heaven. How many of you are trying to walk in that way? Ngâpimba has two little girls under her care, the one we call Julia for a dear friend in Brooklyn, the other Baby, because she is the youngest of our large household; we give her this charge in order that she may learn to be careful and take responsibility. . . . She is beginning to learn English and to write, so you may expect some day a letter from her own hand. She sings very sweetly in Benga, and knows one English hymn, "Come to Jesus." We have another little girl whom we call "Katie," about two inches taller and two years older than Ngâpimba, and yet they are very fond of each other, which is a remarkable thing on account of the disparity of their age—friends in this country must always be those of similar age. It is considered an insult by one older to call a younger her friend, and presumption in a younger to call one older her friend.

We hope to send you by the Jasper, an American vessel, a small box of shells gathered on our beach, and also some specimens of the sewing of Ngâpimba and Katie. They are very fond of dolls, though it is a rare thing to get one out here, they must all come from America or England. You will also find in the box, a cravat made by one of our little native boys, whom we call "Edward" (for Dr. Steane, a friend in London); he is just four feet high, for he begged me to measure him when he saw me measure Ngâpimba. The whole thing is entirely original, he

picked up the bits of silk and sewed them together, and then put on his trimming fancifully, as you see; he intended wearing it on Sabbath, but cheerfully sends it to you. If you would like to give Ngâpimba an English name, you may write us and we will call her what you please. They are very fond of English names and proud of them. Now we shall expect you to write to us and ask all the questions you like, and we will take much pleasure in answering. The cushion in the box is made from bits of silk sent to Mrs. Reutlinger, by friends of hers in Switzerland; the cushion was sewed by your Ngâpimba and by Katie—the latter is supported by the "Overton Band," of the Presbyterian church in Towanda—it is filled with sand from our sea-beach. The shells were, some of them, gathered by our school children, and some bought from women and children from the towns, who exchange them for needles, pins, buttons, thread, and the boys for fish-hooks and sometimes pocket-knives. Do you wonder why they do not buy candy? Well there is none to buy; now and then some good friends in America send them some, which they enjoy very much, but even then it must be sealed in tins or it will melt on its long sea journey and in this warm climate. What would you all think had you to do without candy? The ivory ring was worn by one of our girls and highly prized, but she voluntarily gave it at monthly concert as her contribution. The sea-weed was pressed by a little girl named Kwamina, formerly in the school.

We hope every one will read and ponder this. If those poor children can in so few months give such an amount to missions, let us each study what we, with our greater light and knowledge, ought to give. It certainly does shame some of us. What do we know of benevolence, do we deny ourselves anything, any comfort, or indeed any gratification, in order to send the blessed life-giving Word to those we know are dying in great darkness? We would surely do a thousand times more, could we but realize the great need.

"YOUNG MISSION BAND," GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

LETTER from Dr. Jessup, Syria: This is the same old Syria that was here 3000 years ago. The old mountains mentioned in

the Bible are all here yet. Mount Lebanon is in front of my windows, and I can see the houses in the villages twenty miles off. The trees and flowers, the birds and animals of the Bible, are all here yet. We see the oxen muzzled as they tread the corn on the threshing floor; the grass growing on the housetops; the sowers sowing their grain by the wayside. We hear the roar of the surf on the shores of "that great wide sea wherein are creeping things innumerable, both small and great." We hear the midnight cry, "The bridegroom cometh," and on every side are Bible scenes and manners and incidents. But the people are far away from the Bible standard of truth and morality. They can understand many allusions in the Bible to natural scenes and customs better than we can, but the spiritual meaning is to them a sealed book.

I have charge in Beirut, of a congregation of between 300 and 400, and a Sabbath-school of 350; we have a Monday meeting for women; a Monday evening prayer meeting; a Wednesday evening Bible class; a Thursday P. M. catechetical class; a Friday morning catechism lesson in the female seminaries; and a Saturday evening teacher's meeting. I also edit a monthly illustrated newspaper for children, called "Morning Star," and have the pastoral visiting, a large correspondence and instruction in the Theological Class. In our Sabbath-school we have thirty-five classes, and all the teachers are native Syrian young men and women. We have been studying the past year the Westminster lessons. Each class forms a missionary society, a branch of the Morning Star Society of the school, and the boxes for contribution are circulated every Sabbath. From November 1, 1873, to July 1, 1874, or eight months, the children contributed 2000 piastres, or $80 gold, which they gave to the native missionary society of Beirut church for mission work in Syria. During the past year we have been blessed in receiving into the church, six of the teachers and pupils of the Sunday-school, and I have given out seventy-three Bibles to boys and girls who have learned the shorter catechism by heart. Four of those who learned it were blind boys.

Home Work.

THAT HOUR OF PRAYER.

Do we sometimes grow faint hearted, and feel ourselves too far away to have our petitions bring the blessing? Let us receive a new impulse from such words as these from a dear missionary sister laboring in Africa. "That hour above all hours! that sweet hour of prayer on Sabbath afternoons, bears a sacrifice of earnest union, in return for which comes blessings unnumbered to your missionaries toiling in heathen lands, of which you can know nothing but by personal experience." Again, "I wish we could make you feel and understand how highly we appreciate your sympathy, and active interest in the work to which we have given ourselves." Oh, let us come up to this great privilege with fresh zeal and stronger faith, expecting and waiting for our Father's richest blessing in bringing all hearts to himself.

AN APPEAL.

We are frequently receiving letters from some of our auxiliaries with such word as the following: "We have but few members, we do not know how to arouse an interest in the work." "The few who attend our meetings seem to come from a sense of duty, *not* from interest in the work." "Can you tell us *how* to excite and draw our ladies *all* in, and make them workers." Again, "We do nothing but hold a very weak prayer meeting, and pay our monthly subscriptions. We would be very thankful for any suggestions as to ways of making our meetings more interesting, and more profitable." Another writes: "One of our greatest difficulties from the first has been to obtain suitable officers, there being a reluctance to assume responsibility."

Will not some of our friends answer these questions? Let some of our strong, live societies tell their weaker sisters how to wake up all within their bounds. Also show how those who may be placed in office, may be blessed and directed through the dark and difficult ways.

NEW SOCIETY.

"INDIA WORKERS," YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

WE wish to call attention to the above new society, it being composed of *boys*. They have assumed the support of "Isaac Mark," in Rev. Mr. Calderwood's school. How many more "Boys' Bands" can be formed this year? Do not they, as well as the little girls, want to help on the good work. May not these beginnings, train up some to follow in the footsteps of the many sainted ones, who have given their lives in the work to the dear blessed Jesus?

GIVE ALMS.

"GIVE alms of such things as ye have," or, as it reads in the margin, "As ye are able." Our God never requires impossibilities. "Sell that ye have, and give alms." *That*, we are told, the early Christians did. How far that would be practicable now, we are not prepared to say, but, certainly, we can cease buying many things that we can very well do without, and so have more alms to give. It is said that Lady Huntington allowed herself but one new gown a year, that she might have more to use for the Lord. How many superfluities could we, my sisters, dispense with?

Paul says of the churches of Macedonia, "Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," and that "beyond their power," they were willing to administer to the necessities of the saints. And he admonishes the church in Corinth, to "abound in the same grace also," to prove the sincerity of their love. "For if there is first a willing mind, it is acceptable, according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." "He that

soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap bountifully." "For God loveth the cheerful giver." "And is able to make all grace abound towards you, that ye, always, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound in every good work." None were ever poorer for depositing in the Lord's bank; it yields a wonderful premium.

At a missionary meeting in Ypsilanti, Mr. Jessup spoke of a poor woman in Syria, who walked miles with her little son, carrying upon their heads, a little corn, a tithe of all that she possessed, for the use of the missionaries. Nor, was that given, as anything remarkable. The poverty of the people is almost beyond our conception; but their gifts put to shame our meagre offerings to the Lord.

It is true that our wants are more numerous than those of people in less civilized lands, but our means are, perhaps, proportionally greater, and there is no question, but that our *wants* are much greater than our *needs*, and we know that "our God is able to supply all our need, according to His wonderful riches in Christ Jesus."

"There is that, scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more then is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

DETROIT. A. Z.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. E. H. Cravens,
Mrs. Wm. Warner,
Mrs. John C. Buhl,
Mrs. Hugh Moffatt,
Mrs. S. P. Brady,
Mrs. Franklin Moore,
Mrs. M. H. Demond,
Mrs. Margaret Struble,
Mrs. J. W. Arnold,
Mrs. M. Matun,
Mrs. C. C. Holloway,
Mrs. Anna L. Phelps,
Mrs. Harriet P. Proctor,
Mrs. Jenkins,
Mrs. E. S. Wells,
Mrs. Anne D. Cunningham,
Mrs. J. M. Crandell,
Mrs. J. F. Young,
Mrs. Harriet C. Pease,
Mrs. Harriet S. Clapp,
Mrs. Hannah Pearson,
Mrs. L. M. Gilleland,
Miss Mary G. Stevens,
Miss Aurelia Phelps,
Miss Brown,
Miss Anne P. Williams,
Miss Eliza Phelps,
Miss Nellie Holloway,
Miss Gussie McLane,

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, from June 1, 1874.

Legacy from Mrs. Eliza A. Furgusson, of White Pigeon, Michigan,	$432 10
Sunday-school of Hopkinton, Iowa, for retrenchment fund for Persia,	10 00
R. A. Moore and H. R. Pearis for envelopes and cards,	35
Mrs. A. B. Voorhes to redeem a ring, Lansing, Michigan,	50
Mrs. A. C. Thompson, Cedar Falls, Iowa, to apply on membership of Nelia May Thompson,	5 00
Legacy from Miss Martha Clark, of Towanda church,	12 00
W. M. S. of Lake Forest, by Mrs. Ferry,	30 00
Rev. Cyrus S. Martindale,	10 00
Lucy Benton, of St. Louis, Mo.,	4 09
Sophie Ray, for Rays of Light,	1 00
Logansport Aux. Soc., for Wong Sha School, Canton, China,	50 00
Elliot Band of 2d Ch , Jerseyville, Ill.,	10 00
W. M. S., Jerseyville, Ill., for Bible reader in Persia,	25 50
Certificates and Envelopes from Bay City and Franklin,	1 00
Sunday-school Miss Band of Presbyterian church, Troy, Ill , for scholarship in Persia or India and life membership.	25 00
Mrs. D. K. Pearson, for Tennessean in Persia,	1 25
Miss Maggie Pollock, Burlinglington, Iowa, for envelopes.	3 00
Jerseyville, Ill.,	1 00
Mrs. D. K. Pearson, for Woman and her Saviour in Persia,	1 25
For envelopes from Delaware, Ohio,	50
Envelopes for Franklin, Michigan,	1 00
Band certificates, Bay City,	50
W. M. S., Austin, Texas,	50 00
W. M. S., Bay City, Mich., for Miss Dean's school at Oroomiah,	$30 40
W. M. S., 2d Ch., Chicago,	100 00
Girls' Miss. Circle of Riverside and Lyons,	35 00
W. M. S., Kalamazoo, Mich.,	28 05
W. M. S., of Woodhull, Ill., and Prairie Miss. Band,	17 70
A. C. Dickenson, balance due on Miss. Atlas,	80
W. M. S. of Three Rivers, Mich., for support of scholar in Mrs. Wilder's school, and to constitute Mrs. J. W. Arnold a life member,	31 23
Mrs. M. Brown, Valparaiso, Ind., for Tennessean in Persia, and Woman and her Saviour,	3 50
Mrs. W. A. Nichols, Lake Forest, Tennessean in Persia, and Miss. Atlas,	1 85
Mrs. M. P. Charlton and Mrs. L. P. Plumer, for Miss. Atlas,	20
Miss Maria B. Tanner, of California, Mich.,	2 00
Richardson Band, of 1st Ch., Detroit, for support of children under their charge in China, India, and Persia, and for support of a child in Dr. House's school in Siam,	140 00
W. M. S. 1st Church of Monmouth, Ill., and to constitute four life memberships,	100 00
W. M. S. of Saginaw, three quarters salary due Mrs. Coan,	68 75
From Jewett Band, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, for publication of primary books in the Turkish language, for Miss Jewett's school,	33 00
Young Ladies' Miss. Soc. of Lake Forest, special for the mountain schools of Persia,	92 94
Mrs. Myron Phelps, of Lewiston, Ill., to constitute four life memberships,	100 00

Mrs. S. M. Osmond, Iowa City,	$10 00
W. M. S. of Bedford, Ind.,	22 40
W. M. S. of Constantine, Mich., for support of Lulu,	10 00
Miss. Soc. of 1st Church, Evanston, Ill, for Miss Bacon's salary, and to constitute Miss Brown and Mrs. Jenkins life members,	50 00
W. M. S. 1st Church Ann Arbor, Mich., to aid Mrs. Thomson in her work at Zacatecas, Mexico,	35 00
Mission Band of Waukegan, a gift for purchasing maps for Hannah of Talma,	11 00
W. M. S. of Lake Forest, for support of Miss Russell at Tallahasse, and to constitute three life memberships,	160 75
Valparaiso, Ind., Auxiliary Society, for support of Miss Warren,	15 00
Ypsilanti W. M. S. and Miss. Circle, for support of Jennie Dean at Oroomiah, Persia,	100 00
From the Rice Mission Band of Ypsilanti, for support of Mary Lyon Rice, in Mrs. Wilder's school, India,	29 17
From the India Workers of Ypsilanti, for Isae, work in Dr. Calderwood's school, India,	25 00
Little Gleaners, Ypsilanti, for support of Seara, in Miss Dean's school, Persia,	10 00
W. M. S. of Cold Water, Mich., for support of Grace Patterson, in Miss Pratt's school in Dehra Doon,	10 00
W. M. S. of Valparaiso, for support of Mrs Warren,	15 00
Miss Soc. of Brighton, Mich., for Teheran,	12 00
W. M. S. of Michigan City, Ind.,	$6 25
W. M. S. of Blairstown, Iowa,	4 00
Young Ladies' Miss. Soc. of Battle Creek, Mich., for Teheran building,	75 00
W. M. S., Lake Forest,	29 00
W. M. S. of Vinton, Iowa, for Miss Pratt's salary, and to constitute Mrs J. M. Crandell a life member,	25 00
Mr. J. F. Young, for Miss Jewett's salary, and to constitute his wife a life member,	25 00
Mrs. Sarah J. Rhea, Lake Forest,	20 00
Mrs. Sanford, Johnstown, for Tennessean in Persia,	1 75
W. M. S, St. Paul,	42 00
Sabbath Evening Miss. Soc. of Ingersol children,	8 00
W. M S. of 1st Church, Des Moines, Iowa,	30 00
W. M. S. of Lake Forest, for support of Miss Mary Russell, of the Creek Indians,	100 00
Mrs. Willena Movill, for envelopes,	6 00
Mission Band of Delafield, Wis.,	2 25
W. M. S. of 1st Church, Ottowa,	3 80
Mrs. S. F. Warren, of Detroit, payment on life membership,	5 00
Mrs. J. M. Allis, of Lansing, Mich., payment on life membership,	5 00
Mission Band of Waukegan, for support of Hannah, and constitute Miss G. McLane a life member,	38 50
W. M. S. of Fairview, Ind.,	4 00
W. M. S. of Jerseyville, Ill.,	21 25
W. M. S., Blairstown, Iowa,	10 00
	$2,439 88

MRS. JESSE WHITEHEAD, *Treasurer*,

223 Michigan Avenue.

CHICAGO, September 26, 1874.

DATE DUE

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